

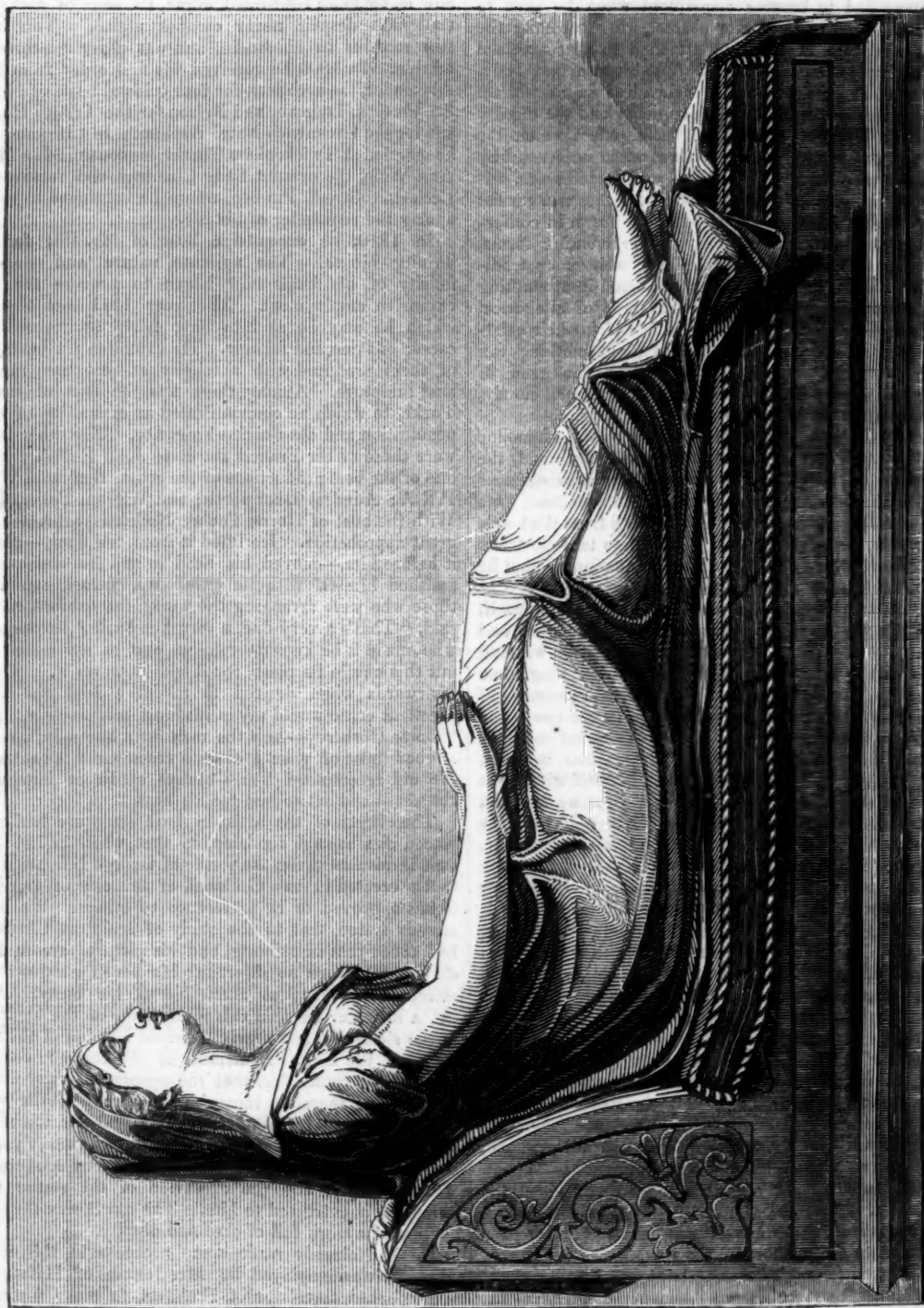
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RESIGNATION. FROM THE MONUMENT BY CHANTREY, IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY AND HIS WORKS.

II.

SCULPTURE is far more laborious than painting, depending as it does on shape and expression for its fascination, and demanding an acquaintance not only with varied nature, but also with curious and delicate mechanical operations, and with that rare talent of combining the conceptions of genius with the niceties of acquired skill. The march, therefore, of the sculptor, to distinction is a long one: and with much of this mechanical knowledge, Chantrey had to become acquainted when he went to London. He had also other obstacles to surmount: the ablest sculptors in England, attached to that artificial and mechanical style imported from France and Italy, for the most part, expressed their ideas in allegorical figures; and by neglecting the simplicity and the dignity of nature, lost most of that wonderful effect which the works of genius are sure to produce when unfettered by conventional rules and the authority of predecessors. It has been well remarked, that invention does not consist in investing abstract ideas with human form, in conferring substance on an empty shade, or in creating forms, unsanctioned by human belief, either written or traditional. Much genius has been squandered in attempting to create an elegant and intelligible race of allegorical beings, but, for the want of human belief in their existence, for the absence of flesh and blood, nothing can atone. No one ever sympathised with the grief of Britannia, or shared their feelings with that cold, cloudy, and obscure generation to which she belongs.

In his twentieth year Chantrey paid a sum of money to get quit of his engagement with Ramsey; and the separation gave mutual pleasure. Authorities differ as to the time when our artist proceeded to London. One account states that as soon as he was freed from the bonds of servitude he advertised in Sheffield to take portraits in crayons: that in October, 1804, he announced that he had "commenced taking models from the life." In reference to painting, he modestly expressed himself, saying, he "trusts in being happy to produce good and satisfactory likenesses, and no exertion shall be wanting on his part to render his humble efforts deserving some small share of public patronage." Several specimens of his talent both in chalk and oil remain in the town, and are chiefly valued on account of the subsequent celebrity of the artist. Another account states, that in May, 1802, he went to London and applied himself with great ardour to study: but in a very short time we find him on his way to Dublin, intending as it is said to make the tour of Ireland and Scotland, but most probably, when we consider the scanty means of the artist, with the endeavour to establish himself either in Dublin or in Edinburgh, as a portrait painter or modeller. It appears, however, that he was arrested by fever at Dublin, and did not entirely recover for many months: he returned to London in the autumn completely cured of his travelling mania, and recommenced his studies with an application which soon displayed itself by its successful results. He had already conceived the character of his works, and only wanted opportunity to invest them with their present truth and tenderness.

After having improved himself at the Royal Academy, Chantrey returned to Sheffield and modelled four busts as large as life, of characters well known in that town, viz., the Rev. James Wilkinson, Dr. Younge, Mr. Wheat, and Mr. Hunt, a painter. He afterwards modelled the head of Dr. Chorley, of Doncaster. These performances were so skilful, that when it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the Rev. James Wilkinson, and Chantrey (though he had never yet lifted a chisel to marble) had the courage to become a candidate for the commission, the committee readily entrusted it to him. This seems to have been an interesting crisis of the artist's life, and helped to decide the bias of his

future course. Having employed a mason to rough hew the bust, he commenced the task and accomplished it with success. This very interesting work may now be seen in Sheffield church.

Chantrey's first exhibited work on the walls of the Royal Academy, was in 1804, when he sent for exhibition a *portrait* of D. Wale, Esq. The next year he exhibited three busts, and in 1806, a bust of Bigland, the essayist. In 1808, he exhibited a model of a colossal head of Satan—"an attempt to invest this fearful and undefined fiend with character and form; eclipsed as it now is, by more celebrated works, its gaze of dark and malignant despair never escapes notice." This head still remains in his studio, and was never executed in marble. In 1809 he received his first order from Mr. Alexander, the architect, for four colossal busts of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson for the Trinity House, and for the Greenwich Naval Asylum. In the same year he married at Twickenham Church his cousin, Miss Mary Ann Wale, the present Lady Chantrey, and removed to Ecclestone Street, Pimlico, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life.

In 1810, he executed a bust of Mr. Pitt for the Trinity House. The absolute nature and singular felicity of his busts now began to procure for him extensive employment. The year 1811 was that in which he may be said to have fairly commenced his career of fame and fortune. He exhibited six busts, all of them produced with a felicity at that time rare in bust sculpture. Among these was the bust of Horne Tooke, to which he communicated an expression of keen penetration and clear-sighted sagacity. The other busts were those of Sir Francis Burdett; John Raffael Smith, one of the best productions of the artist; Benjamin West, P.R.A.; Admiral Duckworth; and William Baker, Esq. With the bust of Horne Tooke, Nollekins expressed his great approbation. He lifted it from the floor,—placed it before him,—moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself with its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for exhibition, and said, "That's a very fine, a very fine *busto*; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts and put this one in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards when desired to model a bust, the same excellent critic would say in his most persuasive manner, "Go to Chantrey—he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you: I always recommend Chantrey." He did recommend him,—always spoke of him with respect,—and sat to him for his bust.

The efforts of the artist in bust sculpture had now placed him beyond rivalry, so that when in 1811, he sent in his design for the statue of George III: proposed to be erected in the Guildhall of the city of London, it was approved of in preference to others. We have already stated, that to the study of sculpture Chantrey had added that of painting, and his pictures are said to do his sculpture no discredit; his pencil portraits are esteemed by many as admirable as his busts. It is not a little curious that this proficiency of the sculptor in the sister art, had nearly deprived London of the fine statue of the king. A member of the common council observed in committee, that the successful artist was a painter, and therefore incapable of executing the work of a sculptor. Sir William Curtis sent for the artist and said,—“You hear this, young man,—what say you—are you a painter or a sculptor?”—“I live by sculpture,” was the reply, and the execution of the statue was immediately entrusted to him. The result was the production of a work full of ease and dignity.

He had already made some progress in this work when he was employed by Mr. Johnes of Hafod, the accomplished translator of Froissart, to make a monument,—a very extensive one,—in memory of his only daughter. This was a congenial task, and confided to his hand under circumstances honourable to English

sculpture. The design for this work has been spoken of as a production of beauty and tenderness—a scene of domestic sorrow exalted by meditation.

The object of the artist was to represent the melancholy incident of a lovely, affectionate, accomplished maiden expiring in the arms of her afflicted parents. The agonized mother presses to her lips the hand of the beautiful sufferer, thus nearly concealing her own face; while the father in calmer but not less profound grief bends over his child, and supports her dying head. Her pallet and pencils, indicative of the cultivated elegance of her mind, lie abandoned by her side, with a roll of music, on which appears the appropriate inscription:

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me to your care.

We are not informed how much of this design was executed in marble. In 1820, the work was spoken of as advancing towards completion; but in a recent number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it is stated that "a beautiful statue of Marianne, only daughter of Johnes, of Hafod, the translator of Froissart, was allowed to remain in the hands of the artist, in consequence of the calamity which overwhelmed the father."

From this period the career of Chantrey has been uneventful; "marked only by increasing perfection in his art, and the steady advance of that tide of reputation, which finally floated him to the foremost rank of British sculptors." It will be sufficient, therefore to notice a few of his principal works, since a catalogue of the whole, profusely scattered as they are throughout the cathedrals, churches, libraries, and sculpture galleries of this country, and of many of our colonies, would not only be difficult to obtain, but would occupy many pages of our Magazine.

A statue of President Blair, a judge of singular capacity and penetration, and a statue of the late Lord Melville, being required for Edinburgh, Chantrey was induced to visit Scotland. He acquitted himself with great felicity. The calm, contemplative, penetrating mind of Blair is said to be visibly expressed in the marble. This is the artist's highest praise, considering how difficult it must be to work with a poet's eye on productions which the artist's own mind has not selected and consecrated. During his stay in Scotland he modelled a bust of Professor Playfair, in which he seems at once to have caught the face and intellect—both so remarkable—of this eminent man.

Many artists (says one of Chantrey's biographers), obtain their likenesses by patient and frequent retouchings—Chantrey generally seized on the character in one hour's work. Once, and but once only, we saw a bust on which he had bestowed a single hour;—the likeness was roughed out of the clay with the happiest fidelity and vigour. We saw, too, the finished work—his hand had passed over it in a more delicate manner—but the general resemblance was not rendered more perfect.

When Chantrey was required to execute monuments in memory of Colonel Cadogan and General Bowes, and afterwards of General Gillespie, he embodied these subjects in a manner almost strictly historical, so that, from the number of the figures, and the method of treating the subject, they may be said to form historical pictures in stone. These works gave rise to the following sensible observations:—

Though the walls of our churches are encumbered with monuments in memory of our warriors, no heroes were ever so unhappy. Sculptors have lavished their bad taste in the service of government. Fame, and Valour, and Wisdom, and Britannia are the eternal vassals of monotonous art. A great evil in allegory is the limited and particular attributes of each figure,—each possesses an unchangeable vocation, and this prescription hangs over them as a spell. The art too, of humble talents is apt to evaporate in allegory,—it is less difficult to exaggerate than be natural, and vast repose is obtained among the divinities of abstract ideas! Simple nature in ungifted hands, looks degraded and mean; but a master-spirit works it up at once into tenderness and majesty.

Although his business was widely increasing, Chantrey, who neglected no opportunity of improving his talents and his taste, found time in 1814 to visit Paris, when the Louvre was filled with the plundered sculptures of Italy, and admired, in common with all mankind, the grace, the beauty, and serene majesty of these wonderful works. But his praise of French art in general was extremely limited. In the following year he re-visited Paris during the stormy period of its occupation by the English and the Prussians. On this occasion he was accompanied by Mrs. Chantrey, and by his intimate friend, Stothard the painter. He returned home by way of Rouen, and filled his sketch-book with drawings of the pure and impressive gothic architecture of that ancient city.

On his return from France he modelled "the Sleeping Children," which we have already noticed. The reward of this work was no common one—the artist received various orders for poetic figures and groups, the choice of subjects being left to his own judgment. Such commissions were new to English sculpture. But orders for busts and portrait statues came in so thickly that the hours of leisure required for poetic figures were very few.

One of his happiest productions is a devotional statue of Lady St. Vincent. The figure is kneeling,—the hands folded in resignation over the bosom,—the head gently and meekly bowed,—and the face impressed deeply with the motionless and holy composure of devotion. A simple and negligent drapery covers the figure, and all attempt at display is avoided. It is now placed in the chancel of Caverswell church, in Staffordshire.

Another production, to which the trays of the Italian boys have given a wide celebrity, is the statue of Lady Louisa Russell, the present Marchioness of Abercorn, and one of the daughters of the Duke of Bedford. The child stands on tiptoe, fondling with delight a dove in her bosom,—an almost breathing and moving image of arch simplicity and innocent grace. It is finished with the same feeling in which it is conceived. The truth and nature of this figure was proved, had proof been necessary, by a singular incident related in *Blackwood's Magazine*. A child of three years old came into the study of the artist,—it fixed its eyes on the lovely marble child—went and held up its hands to the statue, and called aloud and laughed with the evident hope of being attended to. This figure is now at Woburn Abbey.

In 1816 Chantrey was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and an academician in 1818. During this year he was also made member of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries. To the Royal Society he presented a marble bust of their president, Sir Joseph Banks; and to the Royal Academy he gave, as the customary admission proof of genius, a marble bust of Benjamin West.

In 1819 he exhibited the sitting figure of Dr. Anderson for Madras, perhaps the very best of all his statues; and a bust of Mr. Canning. During this year, in company with Mr. Jackson, R.A., he made a journey long meditated through Italy. Rome, Venice, and Florence, were the chief places of attraction: but he found leisure to examine the remains of art in many places of lesser note. He returned through France, and arrived in London after an absence of eighteen weeks. Of the works of Canova* he speaks and writes with warm admiration. In a letter to a friend he says, "Above all modern art in Rome Canova's works are the chief attractions. His latter productions are of a far more natural and exalted character than his earlier works; and his fame is wronged by his masterly statues which are now common in England. He is excelling in simplicity and grace every day." During his stay in Rome

* An interesting notice of Canova and his Works is contained in the *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 18, 60, 66.

Chantrey, wishing to possess a portrait of Canova from the hand of his friend Jackson, obtained the permission of the Italian artist to sit to the English painter.

When the Roman artists heard that a new painter had made his appearance among them, (says Mr. Cunningham, in his *Life of Jackson*,) they went to see how he handled his subject; and there was some spreading of hands and shrugging of shoulders among them when they saw the rough, rude way in which the stranger at first dashed in the likeness: they all went away, prophesying utter failure: and even Canova himself, accustomed to see heads elaborated out by academic rules, was for a while, inclined to think he was squandering his time in sitting to Jackson. At the fifth or sixth sitting, however, he exerted all the magic of his hand, and bestowed such brilliant depth of colour, and such truth and force of expression, that the great sculptor broke out into loud expressions of astonishment, greatly to the amusement as well as delight of Chantrey, whose confidence in his friend's powers had prepared him for this result.

On his return from the Continent Chantrey modelled the bust of Mr. Wordsworth, for Sir George Beaumont; and of Sir Walter Scott, in order to gratify his love and admiration for the worth and genius of Sir Walter. This bust is admirable: the character and the genius of the man are both there. It has been stated that Chantrey had sought at first, like Lawrence, for a poetic expression, and had modelled the head as looking upwards with gravity and solemnity. "This will never do," (he said to Mr. Cunningham, when Sir Walter had left after his second sitting), "I shall never be able to please myself with a perfectly serene expression. I must try his conversational look,—take him when about to break out into some sly funny old story." As he said this he took a string, cut off the head of the clay model, put it into its present position, and produced by a few happy touches that bust which alone preserves for posterity the cast of Scott's expression.

The poet (says Mr. Cunningham) has a face as changeable and as various as the characters he draws in his works, and an expression which nothing but genius something akin to his own can hope to seize. In this remarkable bust the brow is full of thought, the eyes look through one, and there is a grave humour about the mouth which seems ready to escape in speech. The whole face is finished with the most fascinating skill. The poet sat whilst the sculptor chiselled: and there was many a merry word between them.

The subject of our frontispiece forms the principal part of a monument erected in Worcester Cathedral in the year 1825, to the memory of Mrs. Digby, the wife of the Rev. William Digby, one of the prebendaries of that cathedral. The figure is raised upon a marble pedestal, of a Gothic pattern, on which it reclines: and in the monument itself there are kneeling angels in faint relief at the hands and feet. It is stated that the expression and arrangement of the face and figure afford a "most remarkable representation of the *mind*" of the deceased lady.

CHRONICLERS have informed us, that upon the banks of the Weser, the god of the ancient Teutonic race manifested his displeasure by a kind of thunderbolt, to which, immediately afterwards, succeeded a cloud that filled the sacred inclosure. The image of the god *Busterich*, discovered, it is said, in some excavations, clearly demonstrates the mode in which this prodigy was produced. The god was made of metal. The hollow head contained water to the amount of an amphora; plugs of wood closed the mouth and another opening situated under the forehead, and combustibles suitably placed in a cavity of the cranium gradually heated the liquid. Speedily the steam generated caused the plugs to spring with a loud report, and then escaped with violence, forming a thick cloud between the god and his astonished worshippers. It appears also, that in the middle ages the monks found this to be a very valuable invention, and that the head of *Busterich* has performed before other assemblages besides those of the benighted Teutones.—ARAGO'S *Life of Watt*.

THE BRANDY PEST.

No. III.

A Discovery.

NEXT morning we departed early, after having once more seen our unfortunate postilion. We gave him some money. He was very much affected, and a thousand times begged our pardon for the accident which had happened to us through his intoxication. He promised us never to forget the painful lesson, and for the future to avoid brandy, since through drinking he had become a miserable man. I know not whether he kept his word.

I accompanied my fellow-traveller to the next town; but here we were obliged to separate, for our roads now lay in opposite directions. We promised to continue good friends, and to see each other again. After a cordial farewell we separated.

I thought frequently afterwards of the amiable Fridolin, and the bitterness of his fate, in the melancholy circumstances of his father's death and the loss of his beloved. I related this story to my wife and daughter, and often I was tempted to write to him, in order to know how he was; but I was afraid to open his wounds, by appearing too inquisitive. Thus more than a year passed away. After so long a silence, and as he had not written to me, I thought it almost unbecoming to address him. I did not even know whether he was still living in Switzerland.

At length I had occasion to make a journey into Germany on business, and I took my wife with me, for she was recovering from a long illness. One day, in a small town of Würtemburgh, where we passed the night, she by chance entered a room adjoining the parlour, where some dress-makers were at work. After she had remained with them for some time, she came back to me and said: "Come and see one of the dress-makers; she is so remarkably beautiful that I know no woman to compare with her."

I smiled at the enthusiasm of my wife, and said, "Will you endanger the heart of your husband by the sight of so much beauty?"

In the mean time the bustling landlady entered, and my wife asked about the beautiful dress-maker.

"Oh, poor girl!" said the landlady, "she has nothing but what she carries on her back, and is obliged to work hard for her daily bread. Silly girl! if she would not carry her head so high, she might be married to a respectable man of this town. Hecht the butcher, my neighbour, and Siebold the grocer, opposite, are honest, comfortable people, but the young damsel has refused them both: she will not very soon find another match equal to these. But, to say the truth, she is diligent and honest, is very clever in dress-making and embroidery: they say even, that she can speak French."

"From what country does the girl come?" asked my wife.

"From Switzerland, I think," answered the landlady: "she lives with an old laundress in the Kümml Street, near Pinkelmann the smith. Her name is simply Miss Talk; but she conducts herself as if she were a lady. She speaks very little, so I suspect that her conscience is not quite pure. Some people say—but I will not repeat what bad tongues say of her."

"If the girl is a Swiss," said I to the landlady, "I should like to see her."

We went into the room, where the landlady left us. My wife entered into conversation with the dress-makers. The youngest of them, about twenty years old, deserved indeed the praise which my wife had bestowed upon her. I was surprised at the soft expression of her face, but her pale cheeks offered evidence of the existence of some silent sorrow. She did not lift up her eyes from her work. The peasant's dress which she wore could not conceal her slender figure, and the beautiful symmetry of her form. I regretted that she was so silent, whilst all the others lightened their labour by cheerful conversation. When my wife asked them whether they were all natives of the town, the eldest of them answered, "*W'e* are, but" (pointing to the silent girl) "she is a Swiss."

"Indeed!" said I, addressing myself to the Swiss girl; "we are then natives of the same country. From which Canton do you come, Miss?"

The girl bent her head nearer to her work, perhaps to conceal the blush which flew over her face, and said, in a soft, tender voice, "My parents were from different Cantons."

I was about to make further inquiries, when the eldest of the dress-makers said, "Lend me your scissors, Justine."

On hearing this name I thought of Walter's Justine. I looked at my wife, and she looked at me significantly. We understood each other immediately, and observed the young person more closely. Then we left the room, and when we had reached ours, my wife said, "Is this Miss Justine Talk, or Fridolin's Justine Thaly?" This question was to be decided in some way or other. We determined to find out, with all necessary precaution, whether she was indeed Dr. Walter's former betrothed, and, in that case, to persuade her to come with us, to accept the situation of companion to my wife and daughter, but without betraying to her our acquaintance with Walter. I went immediately to the old landress, with whom Justine lived, and learnt with certainty that the fair dress-maker was indeed Justine Thaly. I hastened back to the inn, full of joy, to surprise my wife with the important news; but I was surprised to find her in company with the young lady in our room.

"Miss Thaly is willing to follow us," said my wife, as I entered the room, "but we must remain one day more in the town, that she may settle her little affairs."

I expressed to Justine my pleasure at her determination. She stood before me whilst I spoke, with eyelids modestly cast down, then opening her clear blue eyes, looked at me, and said, while a grateful but sorrowful smile played round her lips, "Do not expect too much from me. I do not know how I have deserved your favour, but I will spare no pains to render myself worthy of it. I am already too much obliged to you for taking me away from this town, which has become insupportable to me."

We remained another day in the little town, and the following day Justine sat beside us in our carriage, and we were on our way towards the mountains of Switzerland.

The Dreadful Fate.

TRAVELLING companions become more familiar with one another in three days than they would, under other circumstances, in three weeks. This was the case with us. Justine had won our hearts, and on her part, seemed affectionate towards us. It is true she did not lose her silent melancholy, but she became more familiar: sometimes she showed even a degree of cheerfulness. When we had entered our native country, and the Rhine was behind us, she wept silently; I do not know whether from joy or from newly-awakened grief.

In the space of a few days Justine became quite at home in our house. She was the intimate friend of my daughter, who loved her with all her heart, and we treated her like our own child. By constant kindness we succeeded in breaking her silence concerning the secret grief which devoured her.

"Yes, I feel it," said she, one day, when we found her bathed in tears; "I should be ungrateful if I were not quite open towards you. I will relate to you the story of my misfortunes, that you may not suspect me of being tormented with a bad conscience. I am a poor orphan; I hope you will not reject me when I have entrusted you with my secret."

Justine spoke thus, and, after a pause, related to us what follows:—

"My good mother died early; she is now happy. Oh, were I happy like her! But no; God's will is wiser and better than mine! A worthy lady, whom my father had engaged for my education, and for the management of our domestic affairs, took the place of my mother. I was scarcely fifteen years old when my governess was dismissed, and the management of the house given to me. My father often spoke to me, even in those early days, of bad times, and of the necessity of limiting our expenses. Yet our house-keeping expenses were not large, though I observed no limitation in his own. But, if I wished to avoid any outlay which appeared to me superfluous, my father would say, 'You must not begin to spare in the wrong place. We have always lived respectably; it must still be so; otherwise it would injure my credit.'"

"My father was a corn and wine merchant. He possessed a beautiful and extensive landed property, not far from our village. But he sold by degrees all his meadows and fields, in order to employ his whole fortune in his business. He was a good-hearted man, and a merry companion. Everybody liked him, except one of our neighbours, a certain Walter, who also dealt in corn and wine, but was of a quarrelsome, jealous disposition, and caused a great deal of trouble to my father, who took it very much

to heart. I, too, suffered severely by it, especially as the health of my father was tottering. Alas! in those days I did not know the cause, for at that time he lived moderately. Oh! had I, unfortunate girl, been able to foresee the end of his disease, which began in those very days, or, had I followed the advice of a certain young physician, I should perhaps have saved my father! But I, ignorant thing, did not believe the evil so dangerous as it proved to be; and as to the youth just returned from a German university, I laughed at his advice!"

Here my wife interrupted Justine's narrative, and, full of compassion, asked her, "Why do you grieve, dear child? You could not save your father: his hour was destined by God."

Justine, with a heavy sigh, exclaimed, "All things are destined by God,—but my poor father's end was not a peaceful one." She continued: "In the beginning his ailments appeared insignificant; my father complained only that his stomach was not in order; he ate little; he could not bear every kind of food. In order to excite his appetite, he used to take a glass of wormwood liqueur, or of other spirits, before dinner: he did the same in the morning when he rose. Then he was often tormented by a violent cough, and a kind of choking which caused me great fear. The young physician wished me to withhold the stomachic cordials from my father; but as I saw that they alleviated his suffering, I laughed at his green wisdom, as I called it. Some years afterwards, I thought quite differently about the matter; but it was too late. My father, too, hated the doctors, especially that youth of whom I have spoken, and who was the son—of our neighbour Walter."

Justine spoke these last words with a low, tremulous voice, turning her face away from us towards the window. But I remarked that even her fair neck was suffused with a crimson blush.

After a pause, she continued, "My father likewise took wine between his meals, as many persons are accustomed to do; he was driven to it, because he had many cares, and he wished to be enlivened, though I never knew him really intoxicated. In such moments he merely regained his old good humour and cheerfulness: but I remarked that he became somewhat forgetful, he lost the clear understanding of his business, and often stood before me with a staring, vacant look. His weakness caused me a thousand anxieties. He seemed to suffer in his nerves; his hands trembled; and he complained of sleepless nights, or dreadful dreams, which he vainly sought to drive away by opium. Often too he spoke strange things, even in the day time, more especially towards evening. He sometimes believed that he saw persons in his room, whom nobody else could see; or animals creeping around him, or the ghosts of the dead. His conscience was troubled; he saw the day of judgment in his sleep. I feared for his reason, but I could not induce him to take the advice of a physician. At length I consulted the best doctor in the village; he told me that the health of my father was ruined by the use of strong liquors. He was suffering under *delirium tremens*!"

"But the measure of our misery was not yet full. I had still more dreadful things to see and to experience. My poor father had, through his manner of life become careless in the management of his business, forgetful in his payments, had borrowed money, incautiously, to pay other creditors. Enough—a horrible moment came, when ruin overwhelmed us at once. I scarcely dare to relate it."

"One day when I was expecting my father to return from a long journey, the cook entered my room like a person in despair. I had thought her looking ill for some time past, and I had often found her weeping. She told me that she was obliged to leave the house; she begged me to have compassion upon her, and confessed that the moment approached when she should become a mother: she said it was my father who was the cause of her misery and shame. I was enraged, I did not believe her; I called her a wicked, malicious, calumniating creature, and reproached her bitterly. She was silent, wept, and left the house."

"Towards evening my father came home from his journey. I had intended to relate to him what had happened; but he looked stern and angry, ordered me to be silent, and went with a confused countenance into his room. He did not take any supper, and locked himself up in his room, as soon as I had lighted the candles. I expected the worst. After some hours I heard him calling for the cook; I hastened up stairs to tell him that she had left her place. I told him all. He stared at me vacantly, answered nothing, stood up, walked about the room, lighted three or

four other candles, and gave me two rolls of money, saying, 'Take it, Justine, it is the last! It does not belong to me; it is money intrusted to me yesterday: nothing henceforth is ours. I must declare myself bankrupt. My debts are twice the amount of my property. Look in the ledger. Take the money, Justine, and seek to establish yourself in a respectable house. You have learned something, and can support yourself.'

"These words chilled my blood. I thought my father spoke in a state of delirium. I cast a look in the ledger, which lay open on the table; I read a debtor and creditor account, which he had made out, and stood there deeply afflicted. At last I gave him back the rolls of money, and said 'We will rather be honest, dear father, than make use of what belongs to another person.' 'You are right,' cried he, and, closing his eyes, fell back in his arm-chair. After a while, he said, 'God punishes me. Heavy sins weigh upon my heart. Although I shut my eyes, nevertheless devils stand before me. Do you not see them? There they are! they gape after my soul! Oh, I suffer the anguish of death, the horrors of hell. Go, Justine, go: you do not know how many families I have made poor! You will know it one day! They will accuse me—and the cook, too, will not be silent!'

"Thus he spoke for a long time. I begged him to go to bed; but suddenly he became furious, pushed me out of the room, and locked the door after me. When I came down, weeping, the footman was waiting for me. He was as pale as death, and told me, with a trembling voice, that our cook had drowned herself in the river. Fright, confusion, the dishonour to our house, and repentance for my harshness to the poor girl, made me speechless for a while. Then I ran about the room, wringing my hands; I besought the footman to go and assist the persons who were searching for her body. I fell on my knees,—I wished to pray, but could not. I threw myself on a sofa; all my limbs were as if broken. Towards midnight the footman came back, and told me that the darkness made any further search for the body useless. All our servants were gathered round me. The good people, themselves without advice and consolation, compassionately requested me to go to bed. They promised me that they would sit up the whole night. So, at last, I went into my bed-room, not in order to seek slumber, but for the sake of solitude!

"No! I cannot describe to you my state during that horrible night! I prayed; I shed tears of the most poignant grief. Above my bed-room was my father's room. Sometimes I thought I heard his footsteps. At every noise I was frightened trembling and breathless. How could I survive that dreadful night! It appears to me inconceivable even now.

"Already the twilight began to break through my window, when I heard a heavy fall in my father's room above me. I started up with a loud cry from the chair; but the new terror had overpowered me: I sunk back again. The most dreadful ideas passed through my brain. The servants had heard the fall and my cry; they came to me, being afraid that an accident had happened to me. We were for a while undetermined whether we should go upstairs to my father. At last we decided to do so. But the door of his room was locked: he did not answer to our calling and knocking. At my desire the servant forced open the door with an axe. We entered: I flew, full of anxiety, to his bed: he was not in it. Suddenly I heard a piercing cry from one of the servants—I turned round, and—oh! frightful spectacle! there hung a man, with a black, distorted face: at his feet was a table overthrown—it was my unfortunate father!

"I ran away full of horror, hastened down stairs with a broken heart; I did not know in the confusion of my mind what I was doing. In perfect distraction I made a bundle of some of my clothes, and ran away like a mad person. Away from my home, over the fields, I ran, as if in a dream, without knowing whither, without resolution, without design. I recollect only that I spoke with a coachman on the high road, who took me in his coach. My senses left me—perhaps I lay in a fainting fit. I awoke late in the day out of a heavy sleep when the old coachman roused me to dine at some village.

"For all the world I would not have returned to my home. What could I do there? to bear the shame of my family, to be an object of insult, of contempt, or of compassion; to be at least to every body an object of disgust, on account of the fate of the cook, and the dreadful end of my father. Oh, it is a sad thing to stand alone in the world as

a bereaved orphan; but to be the surviving daughter of a man who has committed suicide—oh, there is no name for this misfortune!

"The happiness and hope of my life were and are blighted for ever. I had once a friend, a play-fellow in my childhood, the son of our neighbour: he was lost to me for ever. I wrote him a farewell with a broken heart. I now stood alone in the world, and did not know whither to turn myself. The coach had borne me into Germany. I engaged myself as a waitress in an inn; but was obliged to quit it after six months, because they treated me badly. Through the recommendation of a good-hearted fellow-servant, I obtained the protection of the poor laundress in the small town where you found me.

"Now you know the story of my misfortunes. I have told you all openly. If you were to despise and dismiss me, I would not cease to love you. Oh, my poor unfortunate father! He never thought that his inclination for drinking would occasion such a dreadful end to his life, and make me so wretched. I know well I am born for misfortune; but I am innocent of my hard lot. God gave it me in order that I should bear it: He will not abandon me, a poor orphan, even if all the world should do so."

Here a stream of tears closed her melancholy tale.

LEARNED EYES AND UNDERSTANDINGS.

Nothing is more remarkable in the practical pursuit of any science than this kind of difference in vision. I have known very observant and quick-sighted men fail to perceive a double star in the heavens; while to others more practised, though using the very same telescope, both objects were distinctly defined. The secret often lies in knowing exactly what to look for, and thence knowing how to adjust not merely the focus of the eye, but what may be termed the focus of the judgment, so as to be able to pitch the understanding into such a key that the information may be understood when it comes. I remember once being present at the Geological Society, when a bottle was produced which was said to contain certain zoophytes. It was handed round, in the first instance, among the initiated on the foremost benches, who commented freely with one another on the forms of the animals in the fluid; but when it came to our hands, we could discover nothing in the bottle but the most limpid fluid, without any trace, so far as our optics could make out, of animals dead or alive, the whole appearing absolutely transparent. The surprise of the ignorant at seeing nothing, was only equal to that of the learned who saw much to admire. Nor was it till we were specifically instructed what it was we were to look for, and the shape, size, and general aspect of the zoophytes pointed out, that our understandings began to co-operate with our eyesight in peopling the fluid which up to that moment had seemed perfectly uninhabited. The wonder then was, how we could possibly have omitted seeing objects now so palpable.—*HALL'S Patchwork.*

A WARNING WELL TAKEN.

WHEN I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion; and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about to indulge my propensity for politics; but, after getting a little a-head in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures: and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin, who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, called out, "Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night and run about by day!" "And did you," inquired the friend, "pursue the boy with your strap, to chastise him for his insolence?" "No, no," replied Mr. Drew; "had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true, but you shall never have that to say of me again!' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall."—*Autobiography of Samuel Drew.*

NOCHE SERENA:—THE STARLIGHT NIGHT.

[From the Spanish of FRA LUIS DE LEON.]

WHEN I behold yon sky,
With all the unnumbered lights that gem its steep,
And turn to earth mine eye,
Earth that in silence deep
Lies buried in forgetfulness and sleep—

Within my breast arise
The mingled cares that love and sorrow wake,
The fountains of mine eyes
A sad o'erflowing make,
And thus the silence of the night I break:—

O mansion blest and bright!
Temple of beauty, purer than the snow;
The soul that to thy height
Was born, what fate of woe
Holds prisoned in this dungeon dark and low!

From truth's unerring line
What deadly error so our minds can wrest,
That of thy good divine
Forgetful, still unblest,
We chase a faithless shade that ne'er can be possess!

Man is immersed in sleep,
Nor of his fate the dread importance feels,
While heaven in silence deep
Turns on the eternal wheels,
And all the hours of life unnoticed steals.

Oh! wake, ye mortals wake!
Ere by your fatal negligence betrayed;
Behold your souls at stake:—
Souls, for such glory made,
Ah! can they live on glitter and on shade?

Above, oh! raise your eyes,
To yon eternal, yon celestial spheres,
And soon will you despise
The vanity and tears
Of life, with all its hopes and all its fears.

This earth, so blind and base,
What is it but a point, a point how mean
To yon vast field of space,
Where brighter may be seen
All that will be, and is, and e'er hath been!

The harmony divine
Of yon celestial splendour who can see,
As far above they shine
With motion just, though free,
How still they vary, and yet still agree!

How rolls o'er azure plains
The moon her silver wheel, and with her move
The light whence wisdom rains,
And, others all above,
The brightest star of heaven, the star of love

How the fierce god of war
Rolls red and angry on his separate way,
While Jove's imperial star,
With more benignant sway,
Serenes the heaven with his placid ray!

How on the summit high
Wheels Saturn, father of the age of gold;
With him across the sky
Their track whole myriads hold,
Their glory and their treasure to unfold;

Who, who can lift his eye
To these, and still the sordid earth hold dear?
And not with ardent sigh
To break what holds us here,—
Soul prisoned, banished from that happy sphere?

There dwells contentment sweet,
There reigns ambrosial peace—eternal crowned,
On rich and lofty seat;
There sacred love is found,
With glory and delight encircled round:

There boundless beauty shows
Her perfect pride;—there shines unspotted Light
That still unwearied glows,
That never sinks to night;—
There spring eternal ever meets the sight.

Oh! meads more blest than earth!
Pastures of true refreshment, ne'er to cease!
Oh! mines of richest worth!
Oh! fields of sweet increase!
Oh! dear retiring vales of pure celestial peace!—T. W.

ON MOSAIC WORK.

II.

IN almost all specimens of mosaic, the picture or other device is represented by pieces of the substance employed, formed into cubes, parallelepipeds, or other polygonal figures, and retained by one end in a strong cement, to preserve the union of the whole. The ancient mosaics consisted chiefly of marble and coloured glass or pastes, while those of later date have been composed of marble, glass, enamel, agate, cornelian, lapis lazuli, and even jewels. It has been observed by a writer on this subject,—

Mosaic pictures seem to have taken their origin from pavements. The fine effect and use of pavements composed of pieces of marble of different colours, so well joined together as that, when dried, they might be polished, and the whole make a very beautiful and solid body, which, continually trodden upon, and washed with water, was not damaged,—gave a hint to the painter, who soon carried the art to a much greater perfection, so as to represent foliage, masques, and other grotesque pieces, of various colours, on a ground of black or white marble. In fine, observing the good effect which this kind of work had in pavements, and finding that it resisted water, they proceeded to line walls with it, and to take various figures by it, for ornamenting their temples and public buildings. But nature not producing variety of colours enough for them in marble, to paint all kinds of objects, they bethought of counterfeiting them with glass and metal colours, which succeeded so well, that having given all manner of tints to an infinite number of little pieces, the workmen arranged them with so much art that their mosaic seemed almost to vie with painting.

The mode of procedure in the preparation of mosaic pictures is as follows. The enamel employed is a kind of glass, coloured with metallic oxides, and is so fusible that rods of small size may be drawn out by the flame of a candle, without the use of the blow-pipe. The pieces of enamel are brought to the form of small oblong sticks, something resembling the types put up by the compositor: they are all arranged in drawers, boxes, and cases, regularly labelled, from which they are withdrawn by the artist for his work, when wanted. In composing a large mosaic picture, the foundation or back is made of a stone called *piperno*: several oblong pieces, together equal to the whole surface, are taken, each several inches thick, whereby great strength and solidity are acquired; and these united pieces are hollowed to the depth of about three inches and a half, leaving a border all round, which will ultimately be on a level with the surface of the picture. The excavated surface is intersected by transverse grooves, about an inch and a half deep, and somewhat wider at the bottom than the top, in order to retain a quantity of cement or mastic which fills them, the line of the grooves joining in an inclined direction from each side, so as to form an angle in the middle. The separate pieces are then nicely adjusted together, by strong iron clamps behind. If the dimensions of the picture be not so large as to require a foundation built up in this way, a large marble slab is hollowed to the depth of three inches and a half, leaving a projecting border.

The foundation being thus prepared, the excavated bed is gradually filled with a strong and durable kind of cement or mastic, made expressly for this purpose. As the frame is filled, the picture is delineated on the cement, in the same way as painting in fresco; and the fragments of enamel being selected for a small portion of it at a time, they are successively beaten into the cement with a small flat wooden mallet, until the tops of the whole are nearly on a level. When the artist observes that the fragments so arranged are not suitable to his taste and expectations, he removes them, and substitutes others, which is easily done before the cement hardens; but after the hardening, this becomes a more difficult operation. Proper cement remains in a state to receive fragments during fifteen or twenty days, by observing the

necessary precautions. After the whole picture is composed, its surface is ground down to a perfect plane in a manner similar to that which is practised in grinding mirrors, and a polish is given to it with putty and oil. During the progress of these operations any crevices displayed at the joints are filled with pounded marble or enamel mixed with wax, which penetrates by passing a hot iron over it. Large compositions made in this way are, as was before observed, very tedious, requiring several years to execute, and the grinding and polishing of the surface of a picture are extremely laborious.

There is a kind of mosaic in which metals are combined with glass in ornamental devices. The method is not so much practised now as formerly, but the mode of procedure is as follows. Crucibles full of melted glass are prepared in the usual manner, and metallic oxides are added to them, so as to produce in each crucible a glass of the requisite tint. When the oxides are thoroughly united with the glass, the melted mixture is ladled out hot, and poured on a smooth slab of marble, where it is flattened with another piece of marble, and cut into strips about an inch and a half in width. These strips are then, with an instrument which the Italians call *bocca dicane*, cut into smaller pieces, of different sizes and shapes, which are then deposited in separate cases. If it be desired to have gold, either in the ground of the painting, or in the ornaments or draperies, the artist takes some of the pieces of glass, formed and cut in the manner just mentioned, and after having moistened them on one side with gum-water, lays pieces of gold leaf on the moistened parts. These gilt pieces are then placed on a fire-shovel, covered with an inverted glass vessel, and placed within a furnace or oven, where they continue until they have acquired such a degree of softness that the gold becomes firmly bound to the glass. Supposing the glass pieces to be thus prepared, and that the mosaic picture is to be formed on a wall, the wall is covered with a plaster made of ground stone, mixed with brick-dust, gum tragacanth, and white of egg. On the surface of this plaster, while still soft, the artist sketches his design, and then proceeds to work in his mosaic. He takes up the little pieces of glass by means of pliers, and sticks them one by one in the plaster, arranging them according to the lights, shadows, and tints required for the picture, and pressing or flattening them down with a ruler, which serves both to imbed them in the plaster, and to bring them to a level surface. The subsequent polishing is effected in a similar manner to that of the pictures before alluded to.

The tessellated pavements, of which so many specimens are seen, both ancient and modern, are made in different ways. In some cases, the pieces of marble, chosen of such colours as may be required, are cut by the saw into the forms necessary to complete the design, and these pieces are then joined edge to edge, and secured with some durable kind of cement. In other instances, the ground-work consists of one solid block of marble, either white or black. The design having been drawn on the surface of this block, the mason chisels out those parts which are to be of a different colour, making the cavities an inch or an inch and a half in depth, and as accurately formed as possible. Small pieces of marble are then contoured, or fashioned to the design, and their thickness having been reduced to the depth of the cavities, they are inserted in their proper places, and secured with a mastic of lime and marble-dust. In other instances, after the design has been drawn on a block of marble, and chiselled out to the proper depth, the cavities are filled with a peculiar cement, composed of Burgundy pitch and other ingredients, and poured in while hot. The overflowing edges are then ground down and polished, and the resulting effect is often very beautiful.

A kind of mosaic of gypsum has been frequently produced, formed of a coarse talc, or shining transparent stone, found in the quarries of Montmartre, near

Paris, among the stones from whence plaster of Paris is made. Sometimes the ground of these mosaics is made of freestone, and sometimes of plaster of Paris: if the former the device is chiselled out, as before described, but if the latter the following plan is observed. A wooden frame-work is formed, of the length and breadth of the intended mosaic, and about an inch and a half thick, and so contrived that, the tenons being only joined to the mortices by single pins, they may be taken asunder, and the frame be dismantled when the plaster is dry. The frame is covered on one side with a strong linen cloth, nailed round the edge, and being placed horizontally, with the linen at bottom, it is filled with wet plaster of Paris. When the plaster is half dry the frame is set up perpendicularly, and left in that position till quite dry, after which the frame is dismantled, and the plaster ground taken out. The ground being thus prepared, it is covered with a layer, five or six inches thick, of prepared gypsum. The stone before alluded to is calcined in a kiln, beaten in a mortar, and passed through a sieve into a copper, where it is dissolved and boiled in the best English glue. Some colouring substance is then added, to give the mixture whatever tint may be desired, and the whole is worked up into a mortar or plaster. When the thick layer of this plaster, which has been laid on the ground of plaster of Paris, is hardened, the design is drawn upon its surface, and cavities chiselled out as if it were stone, which it nearly equals in hardness. The cavities, thus made, are filled up with the same gypsum, boiled in glue, but differently coloured. The artist has a number of little cups or pots at hand, in which he mixes the gypsum with the respective colours which he may require. When the whole design has been filled up in this manner, and thoroughly hardened, it is slightly polished with brick-dust or soft stone, to show the effect more clearly. The artist then goes over the work in every part, cutting such places as are to be either weaker or more strongly shadowed, and filling them up with gypsum of the required tint. This retouching is repeated until the colours approach as near as practicable to those of the object imitated. The work being finished, it is scoured with soft stone, sand, and water, then with pumice-stone, and lastly, polished with a wooden rubber and fine emery. A final lustre is given to it by smearing it over with oil, and rubbing it a long time with the palm of the hand, by which a gloss is produced in no way inferior to that of marble.

NATIVES of New Guinea worthy of belief have assured me, that if a Papua of the coast is struck by a desire to obtain any articles brought by the foreign trader, for which he has no productions to give in exchange, he will not hesitate to barter one or two of his children for them; and if his own are not at hand, he will ask the loan of those of his neighbour, promising to give his own in exchange when they come to hand, this request being rarely refused. This appeared to me to be almost incredible; but the most trustworthy natives bore unanimous evidence to its truth. I have known parents sell their children, when their maintenance became too heavy a burden for them to bear, without heeding whether they would ever see them again.—*KOLFF's Voyage of the Dourga.*

I AM not acquainted with any country in which there is so little true independence of mind, and so little freedom of discussion, as in America. The authority of a king is purely physical; it controls the action of the subject without subduing his private will; but a majority in America is invested with a power which is physical and moral at the same time; it acts upon the will, as well as upon the actions of men, and represses not only all contest, but all controversy.—*DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

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